Pal. Looke to thine owne well *Arcite.*

Fight againe. Hornes.

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.

Theſeus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That gainſt the tenor of my Lawes
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By *Caſtor* both ſhall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theſeus*,
We are certainly both Traitors, both deſpiſers
Of thee, and of thy goodneſſe: I am *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Priſon,
Thinke well, what that deſerves; and this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground
A Falſer neu'r ſeem'd friend: This is the man
Was begd and baniſh'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'ſt doe; and in this diſguiſe
Againſt this owne Edict followes thy Siſter,
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*
Whoſe ſervant, (if there be a right in ſeeing,
And firſt bequeathing of the ſoule to) juſtly
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.
This treacherie like a moſt truſty Lover,
I call'd him now to anſwer; if thou bee'ſt
As thou art ſpoken, great and vertuous,
The true deſcider of all injuries,
Say, Fight againe, and thou ſhalt ſee me *Theſeus*.
Doe ſuch a Iuſtice, thou thy ſelfe wilt envie,
Then take my life, Ile wooe thee too't.

Per. O heaven,
What more then man is this?

Theſ. I have ſworne.

Arc. We ſeeke not
Thy breath of mercy *Theſeus*, Tis to me
A thing as ſoone to dye, as thee to ſay it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me ſay thus much; if in love be Treaſon,
In ſervice of ſo excellent a Beutie,

As

As I love moſt, and in that
As I have brought my life
As I have ſerv'd her trueſt,
As I dare kill this Coſen, t
So let me be moſt Traitor,
For ſcorning thy Edict Du
Why ſhe is faire, and why
Stay here to love her; and
I am a villaine fit to lye un

Pal. Thou ſhalt have p
If unto neither thou ſhew
(As thou art juſt) thy no
As thou art valiant; for t
Whoſe 12. ſtrong labours
Lets die together, at one i
Onely a little let him fall
That I may tell my Soule

Theſ. I grant your wiſh
Has ten times more offen
More mercy then you fou
Being no more then his:
For ere the Sun ſet, both

Hipol. Alas the pitty, n
Speake not to be denide;
Will beare the curſes elſe
For theſe loſt Coſens.

Emil. In my face deare
I finde no anger to'em; no
The miſadventure of thei
Yet that I will be woman,
My knees ſhall grow to't
Helpe me deare Siſter, in
The powers of all women
Moſt royall Brother.

Hipol. Sir by our tye o

Emil. By your owne

Hip. By that faith,
That faire hand, and that

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